# The Dinner

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# The Dinner

by Tina908

Summary

Hannibal and Will have Jack over for dinner and Hannibal tries to change Jack's opinion about Abigail.

-"Sometimes the right answer is the most simple one, Jack."-

Hannibal is 48 and Will is 36

Notes

As always a little friendly reminder that English is not my first language and therefore there will be mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hello, Jack. Please, come in.” Hannibal said as he opened the front door.

“Thank you, Hannibal and thank you for having me here tonight.” Jack answered as he stepped inside and took off his jacket.

“It’s a pleasure. I enjoy cooking for my friends.” Hannibal said and led Jack through the house to the dining room.

“Where’s Will?” Jack asked as he took a seat at the table.

“He will be down shortly. He had gotten himself quite wet while bathing one of his dogs.” Hannibal answered.

*“His* dogs?” Jack asked curiously.

“Oh, yes, those creatures are entirely Will’s, and he’s very protective of his pack.” Hannibal said, and took his seat at the end of the table.

“You’re not a dog person then?” Jack asked.

“They’re quite messy if I’m being honest, but they make my Will happy, so of course they also make me happy.” Hannibal answered as he took the bottle of wine and raised it towards Jack in question.

“Yes, thank you.” Jack said, and Hannibal got up to fill his glass just as Will entered the room.

“Sorry about that. Jack tends to get a little too enthusiastic when it’s bath time.” Will said as he took the filled wine glass that Hannibal was holding out to him.

“Jack?” Jack asked, eyebrows raised in question.

Will took a sip of his wine before answering. “My dog.”

“I’ll just go finish up dinner now that you’re here, Will.” Hannibal said and went to leave the room.

“You have a dog called Jack?” Jack asked as Will took a seat opposite him.

“Yeah, I’ve had him for almost 2 years now. Hannibal found him on his way home from work.” Will answered.

Hannibal entered the room just as Will finished his sentence. He had three plates placed across his arms.

“Loin, served with a Cumberland sauce of red fruits.” Hannibal announced as he put down the first plate in front of Jack.

“Loin? What kind?” Jack asked as Hannibal made his way around the table to put down the second plate in front of Will.

“Pork.” Hannibal answered, and put down the third plate in front of his own seat, before he sat down.

*More like pig. A long pig who walks on two legs.* Will thought, and took a sip of his wine to hide his smile.

“Wonderful.” Jack said, clearly very excited to taste the food. “I don’t get many opportunities to eat home-cooked meals. My wife and I both work, and as hard as I tried not to, I did wind up marrying my mother.” Jack continued as he cut into the loin.

“Your mother didn’t cook?” Hannibal asked when he had swallowed down his own bite.

“She did. I only wish she didn’t.” As he put his fork into his mouth. “Mmm. Lovely.” Jack said when he tasted the meat. “There was this meal she used to prepare. She liked to call it “oriental noodles.” Spaghetti, soy sauce, bouillon cubes and spam. I was very thin as a youngster.” He finished off with a chuckle.

“Well, next time, bring your wife. I’d love to have you both for dinner.” Hannibal said.

Will couldn’t help but to quietly sigh of his husband’s fondness for cannibal jokes and double meaning words.

“I think we need to polish up our act first, we can’t have you diagnosing our marital problems all in one fell swoop.” Jack joked.

“I’m going to go check on the dogs.” Will said and got up.

Hannibal waited until Will had left the room before he spoke again. “Will tells me that you think Abigail Hobbs is an accomplice to her father’s crimes.”

“It’s a lot of work. Disappearing those girls, butchering them, and not leaving a shred of anything other than what we found at the cabin. We’ve been conducting house-to-house interviews and Hobbs spent a lot of time with his daughter at that cabin. She would make the ideal bait, wouldn’t she?” Jack said, raising his eyebrows in question.

“Maybe he didn’t use bait. He was a hunter not a fisherman after all, maybe he just did what all hunters do and stalked his prey.” Hannibal answered and took a sip of his wine.

“You really think it’s that simple?” Jack asked.

“Sometimes the right answer is the most simple one, Jack.” Hannibal answered.

“Yeah, maybe you’re right.” Jack said quietly, lost in thoughts.

Hannibal’s mouth twisted with the urge to smile.

It would seem that Will had been right about Hannibal’s influence on Jack Crawford after all.

End Notes

Thank you for the read! I hope you enjoyed it <3

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